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*from the canton of le Valais, in Switzerland. At the beginning of the 15th century the number of these peasants who came to settle in Graubünden and Vorarlberg was steadily on the increase. These new arrivals seeking employment were readily welcomed by the land-owners, and the uninhabited upper valleys were allotted them to build new homes. In order to persuade them to settle permanently the gift of land was accompanied by various privileges. In this manner the uncultivated part of the Tannberg, in the Upper Bregenzerwald, and especially the two Walser valleys which have taken their name from it, developed into the home of a sturdy peasant race which has become a permanent factor of the national and economic structure of the Province.*

*Anyone who wants to form a picture of the strenuous way in which these descendants of the old inhabitants of the Valais who have retained much of the peculiarities of their former country in their speech, dress and customs gain a bare existence from a grudging nature, needs only to observe how they live in the Grosse Walsertal. Generations of bitter struggle for daily bread have produced a sturdy and weather-beaten folk whose existence is deeply rooted in the soil.*

*The people of Vorarlberg are not uniform in character, but form rather a mosaic of various sturdy elements welded together by historical developments.*

slopes rise gradually, but to the north it falls away steeply. It is well worth the trouble of climbing, for looking down from its heights one has a delightful outlook over the entire Vorarlberg part of the Rhine Valley. In the east the picturesque houses of the market town of Götzis combine their greetings with those of the massive ruins of Neu-Montfort. The chief picture to the north and south is that of innumerable tiny rectangles of grass alternating with arable land, a clue to the agricultural structure of the countryside. An unusual trick of nature affords amusement to visitors to the summit of the Kummenberg: pieces of paper or material which are thrown out over the yawning depths are returned to their owner by the air currents. Even hats which have been tossed over are said to come back of their own accord, but not everyone cares to put this to the test.

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To the south of the Kummenberg a vale branches off from the main Rhine valley which is called the "Garden of Vorarlberg". About a dozen pleasant villages cling to the foot of the mountain or have found themselves a sunny place half way up it, and in blossom-time the whole countryside is one fragrant bridal bouquet. On the sunny slopes flourish delicious grapes; Fraxern, hidden in a hollow between the green hills, is famous for its wonderful black cherries, which attract crowds of visitors who arrive with baskets and carts. Viktorsberg, looking

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*Vorarlberg is Austria's estate on the Rhine. Between the eastwards-flowing Danube and the westwards-flowing Rhine, between the one which finds its outlet in the Black Sea and the other which flows into the Atlantic Ocean, lies Austria, the bridge and watershed of Europe. In 1363 the House of Austria acquired its first possession in Vorarlberg in the shape of a small estate near Götzis. This was the start of a long process which led to the unification of a Province. As military leaders under the Emperors Karl V and Philipp II, the Counts of Hohenems embodied large numbers of serfs from their estates in their armed forces. From then onwards, Vorarlbergers have constantly emigrated from the Province, as labourers, stucco-workers and carpenters, selling grind-stones or herbs from Montafon, or in the employment of Bregenzerwald builders of the Baroque. It was not until industrialisation set in that this industrious race had the chance of finding work and a home in its native country.*

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*It is characteristic of the Vorarlberger to dislike and avoid ostentation and exaggeration. In accordance with this reserve, he is sparing of gesture and words. These characteristics help to a clean-cut political sense and a natural feeling for democracy.*

*The people of Vorarlberg prefer their four small or medium-sized towns to one large one. They do not mind having to go sometimes to Bregenz and Feldkirch, sometimes to Dornbirn and Bludenz, for these towns after all lie close together. The Province is thus spared many a problem which may arise out of having a single large town in an alpine area.*

*The "Ländle" ("Little Province") has its characteristic industrial character.*

down from the lofty Warte, is one of the oldest recorded settlements of Vorarlberg; even Karl der Dicke (Charles the Fat) is said to have toiled up there on a visit to the pious hermit Eusebius. Röthis, however, the heart of the Vorarlberg vineyards, lures one with many a sparkling drop, golden-yellow and ruby-red, down into the valley.

The chief town of the Vorarlberg Garden is Rankweil, which played a prominent and decisive role in the history of the Province throughout the whole of the Middle Ages and on into modern times. At one time the whole population used to congregate for the trial of criminals there. Today, as one of the greatest pilgrimage centres of this Catholic province, it has again become a meeting place for crowds in holiday mood. Its symbolic building is the double-towered Liebfrauenkirche, built on the remains of a former fortress, which confronts the stately Felsenwarte.

THE STUDIERSTÄDTLEIN (the "Students' Township"). Feldkirch has not always been called the "Studierstädtlein". Like Bregenz, it has had one of the most colourful histories of any place in Vorarlberg. In earlier centuries it was with equal justice called the "Officers' Township", but today both terms are inapplicable. It is noteworthy that in each case its municipal character was emphasized. Even today this is the most noticeable thing about it. Of all towns in Vorarlberg it has best preserved the character of the mediaeval burgher settlement. Like Bregenz, Feldkirch formed part of the Montfort property. Through repeated partitions of the estate among members of the family, which weakened all its powers of resistance, Feldkirch came at an early date into the possession of the Hapsburgs, thereby gaining in comparison with other areas which had remained under the rule

with its steeply sloping fields rising above the rushing mill-streams below. Still valleys sweep in attractive crescent form around and below the peaks of the Stubalpe. Everywhere in these barren farmlands from Radlpass to Lower Gleinalmspeik, the fields and meadows have been conquered from the wilderness of vast forests by means of fire and plough. Everywhere on these islands created by persistent, back-breaking peasant labour, the brown wooden farmhouses beneath their silver-grey roofs of slate defy the gales which come raging from the storm-centres of the mountain fields, and in age-old "Rauchstuben" the life-blood of ancient legends thaws again before the warmth of the open fire.

Beyond the savagery of the mountains, a world of vine-covered hills unrolls like a gay-coloured scarf before the dark girdle of the forest peasants land. On the sun-side of the mountains below the heights, the vineyards on the slopes are staked out with serried rows of vines on supporting poles. This is the picture which begins in a small way at the "Gasselberg", where with care it is possible to produce a Schilcher which has the proper tang alongside many an unassuming vintage. In the Styrian Schilchertal, between Ligist and Eibiswald, the view broadens and opens out. The vineyards there on the Hochstrassen and on the clear-cut, towering mountain ridge of Greisdorf are famous from olden times. The Engelweingarten above Stainz should be saluted with joyful respect, as should all the carefully tended vineyards where the Wildbach grapes ripen.

At the foot of this double garland of forest and vineyards is fruitful soil in which Turkish wheat prospers under a burning sun, yet despite all the riches which lie in the soil or come from the bright skies above, bad weather, misfortune and hard times have made the population adopt a grave and sometimes resigned attitude towards life.

A friend of the Styrian motherland wandering throughout the strip of country which we call West Styria and observing it with affection, would soon notice that beneath the noise and bustle of the fleeting present there lies hidden the treasure of a rich past. Roman inscriptions on stones and the tombstones of Italian officials and native Norics which are

*Women of Leoben.*

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by J. C. Fischhofer, and the library for its treasures of old manuscripts.

Space must be found for a word about the hill country between the Raab and the Mur, the Land of the Seven Valleys, which, separated from one another by forested heights, all guide their dark streams past quiet rural villages and mills hidden behind alder groves, flowing in the same direction towards the Mur. The latter, sweeping eastwards, forms a natural boundary for Styria. In the forests the edible chestnut is common, here and there casting its shade over a tumulus, which bears witness to long-forgotten settlements. Summer warms the air with southern strength, autumn bringing clear skies and the finest views from the footpaths which wind through vineyards and woods to white chapels.

529 The Gleichenberge and the Stradner Kogel are of volcanic origin. The curative properties of their springs are widely known. Bad Gleichenberg enables numerous visitors to combine the healing qualities of forest solitude, with up-to-date medical equipment.

245 The vine, which is cultivated in East Styria with varying results north of Hartberg, steadily improves in quality towards the south, reaching its zenith in the Klöcher Gebirge and around Halbenrain where the fine vintages are stored in the wine-cellars.

361 Mureck is a town of ancient Styrian civic culture, but its crown, the castle of Obermureck, lies on the other side of the Mur in what is today foreign territory, [342] as does Oberradkersburg, the ducal castle which since 1918 has been separated from the most southern town in Austria, the ever-loyal Radkersburg. None of the sufferings of a frontier town has been spared it. The tombstones in the churchyard of the gothic parish church are witness to the origins of its inhabitants. The venerable relics of Styrian civic life of olden times which are preserved in the tower of the Rathaus below the solemn frescoes of Fritz Silberbauer will encourage future generations to emulate the loyalty and watchfulness of their ancestors.

[498] THE STYRIAN ENNSTAL. Where the train leaves the narrow valley of the Palten to enter the broader valley of the Enns, it is greeted by a noisy network of sidings, signals and rails in the big station of Selzthal. The time-table describes it as a junction where many passengers change trains at an important crossing of north-south and west-east routes. Its name is better known in and outside the Province than many another which formerly meant fame and surviving tradition in the Enns Valley. A hundred years ago Selzthal was not much more than the name of a district, of a forest valley in which the charcoal-burners worked for the

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*All the Provinces of Austria have frontiers with foreign countries, with the exception of Vienna. All the Provinces of Austria have capitals of their own, with the exception of Lower Austria. Vienna is surrounded by Lower Austria, providing it at the same time with a capital. Thus the Province of Lower Austria occupies a unique position in relation to the capital of the entire country, being closest to it in times of sorrow as well as in times of joy.*

*This Province is fourfold, the Danube dividing it from West to East. To the south of the river one part lies below and the other above the Wienerwald and in the North the third lies before the Manhartsberg and the fourth behind it.*

*The four quarters may also be regarded from another aspect. On the map, above and to the left is the Waldviertel, sombre and of manly strength. Adjoining it, consisting of broad, low and sunny hills is the fertile Marchfeld. Below to the left one finds charming sub-alpine country and finally the Wienerwald with falling slopes and plains in the east.*

*A many-rayed star of roadways spreads outwards from Vienna over the countryside. Parallel to the Danube, the Linzer Bundesstrasse follows an old Roman road over the Strengberge to Amstetten and St. Pölten. To the north of it the highways run towards Bohemia, the one heading for Budweis, the second straight for Prague and the third for Brünn. Pressburg (Bratislava), on the other side of the frontier, is passed on the journey to the Carpathians. On the way to Budapest or down to the Balkans one may pause awhile at Bruck-on-the-Leitha. Eisenstadt, is on one of the roads to the vast Hungarian plains, while the serpentines of the Semmering continue to where*

THE WINE DISTRICT. Your home lies below the Manhartsberg, its people and landscape familiar to you as a picture book which you have looked through countless times.

There above stands the hill you love the most, the Hutberg, just 890 feet high. From it, on clear autumn days, you can see the Schneeberg, Rax, Ötscher and Hochschwab; you can see over the boundaries of Lower Austria into Styria.

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SPRING IS LOVELY. Approaching the vineyards, you find a young peach tree. Its delicate branches are full of pale, ethereal flames, daintily burning garlands of roses without origin or connection. You can see no leaves, only blossoms below which grows not the slenderest blade of grass. The vines are still cracked, brown and withered, their shy green shoots still pale and tiny. Innumerable grey sticks seem weather-worn and dead, the yellow earth still lies naked. Thus it is that the wonderful pale pink garlands of peach blossoms seem to have grown straight out of the dry wood and wintery earth. You could walk for hours and find nothing except beckoning bushes of flame above brown vines and endless rows of grey spikes.

This picture before you is full of a delicate grace, of a strange beauty of shading. From the lowest vineyards which rise gently before your feet, you meet three delightful colours, old acquaintances and yet uncannily strange. A vineyard hut, washed grey by the rain, without walls and straw-thatched. A cherry tree, heavy with shining white blossom, arising from deep-yellow earth! It is hard to believe that this picture lies on the banks of the Pulkau, not on those of the Yang-tze-kiang. Grey, white and yellow, that is the quiet, dainty wide-spread tricolour of all the flowering clay mountains

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*Raab-on-the-Thaya.*

of the Pulkau, in the Danube area—and in China.

BEAUTIFUL IS OUR SUMMER! Millions of vines reaching out towards the setting sun, a low, thick-set endless forest of pale green. Before you the fertile valley in its lovely frame. Ahead, hundreds and thousands of fields, ribands of flame through which one can walk for two hours, golden seas of shimmering grain. And in between, green clover and vegetables, caught in the rays of the setting sun.

In the middle of the valley, along the Pulkau, lie the villages. Large and solid roofs, a strong, bulky tower, and round about a circle of trees characterise the isolated vineyard market-towns and villages. They are large and straggling settlements, virile in character. You should pay them a visit and enter one of the houses. A strong and penetrant smell of home-made bread, bubbling pots, flour-bins, eiderdowns bursting with feathers, the breath of man and beast, warmth of straw and stables will greet you with familiar welcome.

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Where the valley sweeps broadly round are again pale green hills, vineyard upon vineyard. Next comes a wooded mountain, its crest gracefully sloping down and leading the eye on to the great beech and oak forests of Ernstbrunn. Hard is the life of the peasants here—never-ending round of toil. On winter nights when the vines are endangered, they tend the fires whose smoke fights the frosts. When at last they have completed the protection of the vineyards against damp, against drought, against insect pests, they turn, weary and worn, to the fields awaiting the reaper. As black clouds gather they fear for both. Through sleepless nights they aid the beasts in the struggle to bear their young. When they go to haul the trunks of great oaks from the forests, it is midnight before the horses are fed. The population has preserved its ancient manner of speech, as lively and as deeply rich as the ocean. The forces of long past centuries and an ancient homeland linger on in word and custom. Marriage splendours, the dance of the vintage, "Weizauslösen" (de-husking the grain) and "Federnschleissen" (stripping the feathers of their down) lend colour to days and nights.

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In summer everyone should see a "Kirtag" (church festival). This is more than an annual fair, it is the great festival of the year, two days and two nights of feasting

*they fork out into Yugoslavia and Italy.*

*The roads are on the whole the same which the Roman legions used 2,000 years ago when they traversed the Province, to be followed by the great barbarian hordes, by Attila the Hun, the "Scourge of God", the Avars going in one direction and the Franks and Bavarians taking the other. Swedes, Hussites, Turks and Janissaries, Poles, Panduren, Napoleon's Guards, the song-loving regiments of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy—and now the German and the Allied Armies—have succeeded one another.*

*On the same roads dukes, counts, princes and emperors, kings of Bohemia and Hungary went their ways. Here also passed itinerant monks and flagellants, merchants and preachers, travelling students, scholars, minstrels, troubadours, abbots, cathedral builders, painters, copper-workers, organ builders, the Brothers of the Rose, Father Abraham a Sancta Clara, hurrying couriers and ladies in swaying litters. In later years came Casanova, Augustine of the ballad singers and Mozart on his journey to Prague.*

*What multitudes have passed along these highways during the last thousand years and in the thousand preceding them. The land is a book of stone—a living book of the people who have walked it. In these parts life has marked faces with the signs of joy and care, of knowledge gained through endurance and wisdom through suffering, until they have become such as we see them today, formed as an old master paints a face on canvas.*

*Like the unchanging Danube, the vines and the gentle doves, the sons of this province cling to the customs of their forefathers and to their beloved soil.*

*Let us supplement the quartering of the Province by the mentioning of*

at a generously decked table, after the walls have been freshly whitewashed, the doors newly varnished and the windows cleaned and polished.

HOW BEAUTIFUL IS THE VINEYARD COUNTRYSIDE IN AUTUMN! In the vineyards bells are ringing, not as a summons to festivities or to express joy, as the poets like to tell us. The narrow tracks sink into the soft yellow clay to a depth of three or four waggons and in the vineyards stand so many great tubs laden with grapes that the night is often far advanced before the last has been removed. Then it is that the tinkle of bells and the crack of the whip can be heard

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*Lilienfeld.*

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from afar, so that approaching farm waggons can draw aside wherever the track widens to let the neighbour's laden cart go past.

The wine cellars are spacious. Not every wine-grower has a house for himself and his family, but all have storage room for barrels and utensils. A real wine district numbers more wine-presses than private dwellings. They are to be found in dry and narrow valleys, looking from a distance like compact villages.

The wine-presses are built against the mountain, steps leading up to them through meadows and bushes. Above them sway acacias, lime and chestnut trees and elderberry bushes. Beneath their shade the children find a pleasant spot for play and games.

To the song of the wine-mills the dull gold juice runs off the pressing-board, guided downwards by pipes and wooden conduits. The youngest apprentice drives up the cart with its tubs of grapes and goes back for more. The landlord and his men press them until nearly midnight. It is difficult work, toying with giant forces and needs to be understood. The great, dark press groans in all its joints when the massive stone rises, swaying, and the slender bars, taking the enormous pressure, crack and snap ominously with the noise of rifle shots. Below in the cellar drifts a ghostly mist, whitish or almost invisible. Above in the vineyard stands a curious, squat sort of mill above a manhole. It is the hand-worked pump which draws up the powerful fumes. Despite it, every year one or two men have

*places and towns. Dark are the woods around Weitra, Harmanschlag and Karlstift on the Bohemian-Austrian frontier; the countryside lies high with its heavy, dark earth. Zwettl, the town and the venerable monastery, are surrounded by vast forests. Above Ottenschlag and Martinsberg the Waldviertel closes in on the Danube, broken delightfully by the descending valleys of the Isper and the Weitenbach. Those wishing to proceed from Gmünd, the frontier station, or from Allentsteig or Waidhofen to the Danube, prefer the road through Gföhl, passing Senftenberg on the way down to Krems. Above on the Bohemian frontier, and also in the Thaya Valley, stand fortresses and castles: Heidenreichstein, Karlstein, Raabs and Riegersburg.*

*The ploughed fields gain more and more on the forests, the vines creeping up the sunny slopes. Near Horn the countryside opens out attractively. Here there is a plentiful choice of routes—uphill to Dreistetten and Retz, downhill through the Kamptal to Langenlois and the spacious Tullnerfeld, or straight across country to Eggenburg and Hollabrunn, or by a sharp turn through the Maissauer forest and mountain towards Stockerau and Kornneuburg.*

*So with a wide detour one arrives at the quarter lying below the Manhartsberg. Corn and wheat gradually replace forest and vineyards, increasingly so towards the March. Laa-on-the-Thaya, Poysdorf and Mistelbach lie on the way to the oil district of Zistersdorf. To the south the fertile corn-growing lands link up—Gänserndorf, Wolkersdorf, Deutsch-Wagram, Gross-Enzersdorf, Marchegg and Orth.*

*Around the hub of the Danube, the Alpine forelands penetrate deeply into Lower Austrian territory in the*

*Lilienfeld, Porch of the Monastery.*

to be dragged unconscious from the cellar, overcome by the fumes of the wine.

In the vineyards you see men's jackets and hats amidst the vines, appearing and disappearing, for their job calls for bent backs most of the time. The day may be fine and sunny, here and there a grape picker full of fun and the harvest a bumper one—still, there is no romance about their task. All day long they shuffle with bowed shoulders from vine to vine, of which there may be easily a thousand in one vineyard, one vine alone often bearing a dozen bunches of grapes. Even the wine-grower's wife, despite the watchful eye she keeps on yield and profit, may straighten her shoulders with a groan among the tangled masses of heavily-laden vines to look out over the vineyard and exclaim: "God Almighty, will it never end?"

BEAUTIFUL IS WINTER AMONG THE VINEYARDS. One sees a blending of golden earth, immaculate snow and the red thorns of blue-grey acacia trunks.

*quarter above the Wienerwald. Waidhofen-on-the-Ybbs, Lunz, Scheibbs and the stretch from Mariazell to St. Pölten are far-famed for their rustic beauty. Further to the north of the Styrian boundary lie Türnitz and Lilienfeld, Hainfeld and Gutenstein near the contrasting shapes of the Mittelgebirge.*

*Along the road to Greifenstein, on the Danube, through Neulengbach and Altenmarkt, descending to the Höhe Wand, Schneeberg and the Rax, runs the boundary of the "quarter below the Wienerwald". Encircling Vienna in a mighty arch from Klosterneuburg to Heiligenkreuz and Baden, it descends to the plains along a line of thermal springs. On one side of the Südbahn grows a heavy wine; on the other is a chain of industrial centres—Traiskirchen, Sollenau, Laabersdorf, Berndorf, Wiener Neustadt, Neunkirchen, Ternitz and Wimpassing. The factory chimneys do not end until the Semmering district is reached at Gloggnitz and Payerbach. The Pittental leads to the "Buckliga Welt" of Edlitz, Kirchschlag and Aspang, while to the east of Vienna the approaches to Hungary lie in the flat triangle formed by Schwechat, Ebenfurth and Bruck-on-the-Leitha.*

### *ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER*

*Restless flows the Danube through Lower Austrian territory, until it is reluctantly compelled to submit to control and regulation. At Strudengau it still gives birth to leaping rapids and circling eddies, twists itself at Ybbs to a dangerous bend, narrows to the legend-haunted valley of the Wachau and constantly forces the current to move now towards this bank, now towards the other, until it at last subsides into a broad and placid stream below Tulln. With*

Baden, where the healing waters flow close to the roadside, proved a great attraction for you. To drink them you only needed to go down a few steps. On all the bridges over the Schwechat, you could smell the sulphur from the springs which were discovered by the Romans. The modern medicinal baths were in their time the temple of a goddess. In the piping times of peace you found there many people who had come from far off countries. The rich glow of the tulip beds in the Kurpark is a sight which you should not miss.

Kornhäusel, an architect of late classicistic style, built for Baden a town hall with Greek temple columns and a flat roof adorned by stone statues. His work, specimens of which can be found throughout the town, is of modest but genuine beauty. You keep finding pillars and rows of columns, Doric and Ionic capitals and caryatids, which, although of unequal value, lend a distinctive air to the town through their variety of form and the attempt to reproduce the beauties of antiquity.

Mozart's "Ave verum" and Beethoven's "Missa solemnis" are particularly treasured by Baden. Grillparzer, Schubert and further southwards, Raimund have all enriched this countryside with the breath of their art.

At the foot of the forests are extensive vineyards. Light, stony soil and a favourable situation give the grape a choice quality which has been further improved by careful tending. Gumpoldskirchner wine was taken around the world on one occasion on a Zeppelin flight. It kept its high quality throughout.

*Hainburg, Wienertor.*

*Up in the Leithagebirge, near the village of Winden is the Ludloch, a place where, according to the evidence of human remains discovered there, cave men and cave bears lived in the time of the later Stone Age, i. e. 6,000 or 7,000 years ago. Unfortunately there is no menu of the times extant, and it is therefore uncertain whether the cave men eat the bears or the cave bears the men. But as there are considerably fewer bears than men in the Burgenland today, it may be safely assumed that the bears headed the list of table delicacies.*

*The Burgenland is not unfamiliar with the question of land reform. Should the great estates be preserved as grain producing property or should homes be found for thousands of people in new villages? There are arguments on both sides.*

*A farm is a book of wisdom. The Burgenland owes its fertility to the hard working hands of its farmers who never neglect their soil, and who meet all their trials with placid good humour.*

*Although nine-tenths of the Burgenland is devoted to agriculture and forestry, it has over 200 industrial undertakings. There are saw-mills, wood-carving centres, parquet-flooring*

gleaming pools lie generally beneath heavy masses of clouds whose great shadows move constantly over the inhabitants, houses and flowers. St. Andrä near Frauenkirchen is the place which has a climate in summer similar to that of the Egyptian Helwan. Here, as on the eastern shores of the Neusiedler Lake, flourish almond trees and other plants usually only to be found in the South. Between the lake corner and the heath district lies a strip of specially favoured countryside, one of the chief Burgenland wine districts, with its centre at Gols and Weiden.

The tourist may now find it hard to make a decision: what should come first? Here beckons wine. Ochre yellow is the earth which produces it. Blue shadows toy with every shade of green, that of the firmly tied vines and that of the serrated, dull-surfaced leaves. Soon the glasses sparkle with Ruländer and Furmint, Welschriesling and Blaufränkisch and other famous vintages.

Above the water a silver heron sails majestically through the air, reminding us that the shores of the Neusiedler Lake are unusually well-stocked by nature with wildfowl. In the reed belt surrounding the lake live the grandest varieties of herons; here you also find nests of the bustard, willow-wren and bearded titmouse—a colony of birds such as can be seen nowhere else in Austria. When a flight

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*Eisenstadt, Synagogue Death-Glass.*

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buildings—the Council Hall, attractive official buildings, the homes of civil servants and villas. Side by side stands the history of old Eisenstadt written in stone—the old royal free town, the Esterházy residence, the Jewish Ghetto in Unterberg and the more recent settlement of Oberberg. The Wolff Collection in the Provincial Museum has some unique monuments of Jewish culture. The Calvary Mount in the Bergkirche gives a glimpse of another world, with its painted, strikingly realistic wooden figures in curious grottos. A first inspection of Eisenstadt may well be rounded off by a visit to the wonder-working picture of the Virgin and to the tomb of Haydn in the Bergkirche.

Other attractions await us. Above Mattersburg appear the slopes of the Rosaliengebirge, covered with the luscious purple of flowering sage. One could wish that here spring might last for ever for us to admire the sea of blossom, cherry tree after cherry tree intermingled with peach and apricot, and the yellow-white blossoms of the plum, with their tangle of intertwined black twigs; great beds of strawberries flourish in the rich and fertile soil.

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Far above the little village of Forchtenstein stands a well-preserved castle of the same name. It was once the seat of the Counts of Mattersdorf, whose forebears, Simon and Bertram, came from Spain in the year 1200 with their sister Tota, of whose beauty it was said that it had no equal throughout the world. A poet might well harbour the fancy that her beauty lives on in the spring splendour of the flowering hedges on the Rosaliengebirge. The student of history may remember that in the year 1374 the Counts of Mattersdorf and Forchtenstein placed this part of the Province under the jurisdiction of the Duke of Austria. Their escutcheon, combined with that of the Güssingers, forms today the coat-of-arms of Burgenland.

*Forchtenstein.*

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The early Stone Age has left evidence of human progress in the Wulka Plain. The Bronze Age which succeeded it was marked by a consi-

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a meal good wine increases the pleasures of the palate, ensuring the thorough digestion of lunch before dinner time comes along. In the 18th century it was the custom for every host to keep a wine list for his guests to choose from. This furthered ambition so that there were houses in Vienna where eighteen to twenty varieties of wine were held in readiness for guests.

YES, THE WINE! Just as the Austrians vary in type according to whether they come from Graz, Linz, Salzburg, Tyrol etc., so does the wine vary. In this Austrian wine scores over most foreign wines. Within the wide choice it affords, every taste can be satisfied. From the light, full-flavoured or the rather sour and thirst-quenching wines to the high-grade *premiers crus*, there is a whole gamut of excellent vintages always ready to satisfy the most exacting demands as to quality and bouquet. As the Viennese combines in himself the qualities of all Austrians, so is Viennese wine typical of the whole country. It embodies the magic of the flowers and the strength of the mountains. Few are privileged to understand and appreciate to the full the multiplicity of often very subtle differences between the various growths. Not to everyone who drinks it does the wine reveal all its soul, all its intimate secrets. It calls for wooing, for a testing; it demands of its devotees love and reverence of tongue and palate.

The vineyards of the country are older than the name of Austria itself. When the transport of wine from Italy for the use of the Roman legionaries on the Danube became difficult, the Emperor Probus lifted the ban on planting vines in the Roman provinces. Then the first vineyards came into being on the sunny hills lining the military road from Aquileja to Carnuntum and on the slopes of the Wienerwald. Subjected like all else to changing history, grape-growing flourished afresh under Charlemagne. The priories and monasteries, the monks of Passau and Salzburg tended the vineyards with loving care. Thanks is still due to them for this today!

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Even in the times of the Babenbergs Vienna was surrounded by a ring of green vineyards. In the 14th century, 18,000 candles per year were used in the Seitzerkeller, below the Tuchlauben. A chronicalist records at the beginning of the 15th century that gathering the vintage in Vienna lasted for fully forty days and that 300 carts laden with grapes were driven into

245 the city daily. Even in those times new plantations were forbidden, in order to prevent a fall in prices. In the year 1448 Chancellor Aeneas, later Pope Pius II, wrote: "The wine cellars are so spacious and deep that people say the city has been built as much below ground as above it."

To the Vienna commercial fairs, held twice a year, it was possible to bring every type of commodity under the signed safe-conduct of the reigning prince, with the exception of beer and wine. In the 17th century, traders of Amsterdam and Gent showed a preference for Vienna "Nussberger". Before the irresistible tide of triumphs of the Turks was dammed at Vienna in 1683, they had already been quietly overcome by Vienna wine.

In 1872, peaceful progress in the vineyards was abruptly interrupted by the appearance of the phylloxera. Brought to Europe from overseas, this most dangerous of all vine parasites ruined nearly all the vineyards of the Continent. This meant bitter years for the Austrian wine-growing families, which numbered no less than 60,000, excluding all those whose livelihood depended indirectly on the vines, such as innkeepers, wine-dealers, cask-binders and the like. At last it became possible to revive the Austrian wine trade with the help of American vines, on to which the native high grades were grafted. Building in Vienna gladly and voluntarily halts at the vineyard districts. Well-known and honoured wine-names are here—Nussdorf, Heiligenstadt, Grinzing, Kahlenbergerdorf, Sievering, Neustift-am-Walde and Salmannsdorf. There, too, are to be found the wayside winegardens and taverns, the "Wiener Heurigen".

274 Of all the wine producing districts of Austria, the most important is Lower Austria. Wines of every type are to be found here, from the light and sparkling "Brünnerstrassler" to the heavy "Gumpoldskirchner"; from the noble and aromatic "Wachauer" to the pleasant and sweetish "Muskateller". It would involve a lesson in geography to name and locate all the places where the precious vines are grown and tended, starting with the southern slopes of the Wachau and continuing over the broad Krems vineyard area up to Langenlois, further on to Maissau or down towards the Bisamberg and vine-girdled Klosterneuburg, which is called the "Rinnende Zapfen"—"The Leaking Bung". The extensive vineyards around Retz produce that wine which the Viennese are fond of drinking in "Stehweinhallen" ("Standing Wine Bars") as "Special" or, abbreviated, as "Spezi".

In the south, beginning at Mauer and Perchtoldsdorf, lies the most famous Lower Austrian vineyard district, which includes the villages of Guntramsdorf, Gumpoldskirchen, Baden, Sooss, Vöslau and many others. The "Rotgipfler", the "Zierfandler" and the "Neuburger" are noted for their aromatic bouquet. The fragrant bouquet of Sooss Muscatel wines impresses every connoisseur. The red wines of Vöslau, especially the "Schlumberger Goldeck" have carried the